



## PILE ON THE LOGS



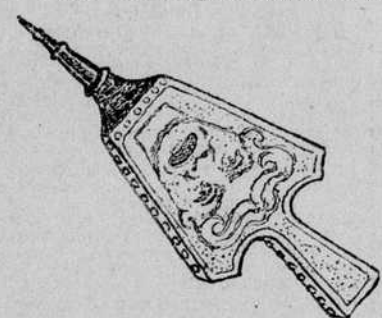
*PILE on the logs and knotted pine,  
Let's have a roaring fire to-day;  
Its cheerful light shall put to flight  
The worries which beset our way.*

By CHARLES S. HURT.

*Pile on the logs till red flames rise  
And leap high up the chimney flue;  
Above the snow the North winds blow  
And fan the ruddy blaze anew.*

*Pile on the logs and crackling chips—  
The bells ring out with festal chime;  
Let lad and lass the glad hours pass  
In mirth and music to their rhyme.*

*Pile on the logs and see them gleam,  
And gather 'round the Christmas blaze  
And drown in songs old feuds and wrongs.  
Shake hands again around its rays.*



## THE GREEN ELF'S CHRISTMAS

**T**HE little Green Elf sat in front of his doorway. He had a very nice house. A long time ago a rabbit had lived in that hole among the roots of the tree, but the little Green Elf had lived there for years, ever since the cow ate the old Kobold, his father.

The cow never meant to eat Kobold, but she thought he was a leaf. She couldn't help it after she had swallowed him. The animals all love the little woodfolk too well to hurt them. It was the same cow who found a home for the little Green Elf.

The house was quite tidy inside. There was moss for a carpet. In the corner was the pantry with clean acorn cups and saucers. An empty nest was the bed, with oak leaf pillows and spreads.

Usually the little Green Elf was merry, but this night he was sorrowful. He sat in a bunch with his hands clasped on his knees. There were holes in his green coat and the wind blew in.

"Pretty sort of weather," he said in a gruff voice, because his throat was sore. "Not much to eat, and no thistle-down to pay the Pixies for a new overcoat. Never knew such a winter—brooks empty, milkweed crop a failure, no pumpkin seeds to be had at any price, and the nuts all covered up with snow! Whew! But it's cold! And Christmas Eve, as sure as I live!"

"Chee, chee, tee, tee, chee."

The little Green Elf stopped shivering and listened.

"Chee, chee, tee. Fine night, isn't it? How do you do down there?"

"It's the Lame Squirrel," said the little Green Elf. "I thought he must be frozen this bitter weather, or starved. Not a nut has been able to get since he caught his leg in the trap. Hello, up there! How are you?"

"All right," chirped a small voice. "Beautiful weather, isn't it?"

"I'm not so sure of that," said the Elf. "Got anything to eat?"

"Plenty," came the piping voice. "There's good bark on this tree, and I'm chewing an icicle. I'm watching

the snow. He was not gone long. When noise doing it that one of the sleeping crickets woke up.

"What are you doing?" she asked, peering in at the door.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "It's

hung. On every twig there were nuts. There were chains of pine needles.

After it was all finished, the little Green Elf and a friendly Pixie went up the tree to fetch the Lame Squirrel.

They were a long time bringing him down. You see he was so very lame and so hungry that he was weak.

While they were gone, something happened. Nobody every found out who did it. Perhaps Santa Claus passed by; but wonderful things were left in the little Green Elf's parlor.

When he reached the door with the Lame Squirrel, he stood still. He rubbed his eyes to see if he were asleep. The same Christmas tree stood there, but it was ten times more beautiful. There were glow worms and fallen stars to make it brighter. There were hundreds of nuts, hazelnuts, butternuts, walnuts, chestnuts. There were bags of pumpkin seed, and cans of milkweed. Best of all was a green ulster for the good little Green Elf.

All night long the Lame Squirrel sat up and ate nuts. All night long the little Green Elf danced around the Christmas tree in her new green ulster; and the rest of the woodfolk—the Pixies, the Kobolds, the Gnomes, the Trolls, all came out and danced, too, they were so glad.

When morning came, the little Green Elf looked out of his door. He was warm. The sun was shining. "Beautiful weather," he said. "Best Christmas I ever spent!"

"That's so," said the Lame Squirrel through a mouthful of nuts.—Our Young Folks.

**A Christmas Greeting.**

What shall I say to you whom I love best? Sweetheart, what secret is there yet untold

After these dozen years—the happiest That life can hold?

Secret there may not be; but this one thought Comes to my heart upon the Christmas morn;

What joy unto the lonely world He brought When He was born!

A joy like that within my soul I knew When, like a white star in the sky above, Suddenly into my lonely life came you To shine with love.

A white star still, you cheer me in the way Lighting with love and laughter all my life;

Let this my greeting be on Christmas Day, Sweetheart, and wife.

—Frank Dempster Sherman, in the Woman's Home Companion.

**Christmas in Acornville.**

Mr. Squirrel—"Do you expect to make a success out of your Christmas party?"

Mrs. Bunny—"Yes, indeed. Mr. Porcupine has kindly consented to act as the Christmas tree. Will start to decorate him to-morrow."

going on?" she said, looking in at the door.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel."

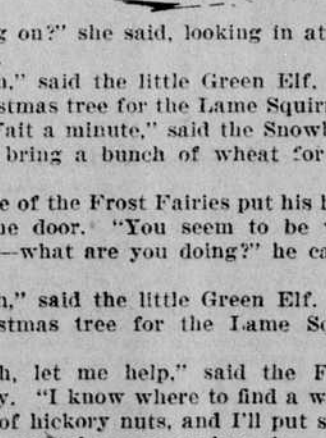
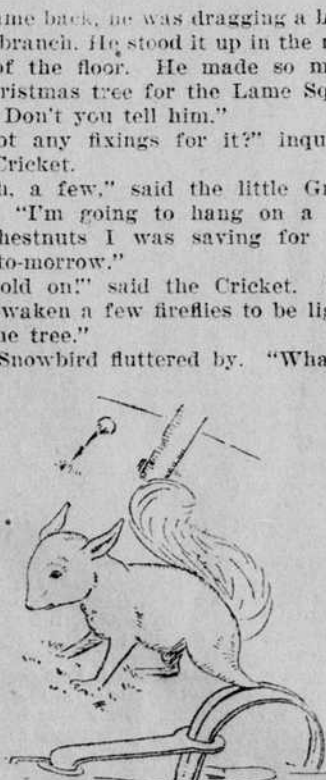
"Wait a minute," said the Snowbird. "I'll bring a bunch of wheat for the top."

One of the Frost Fairies put his head in the door. "You seem to be very busy—what are you doing?" he called out.

"Sh," said the little Green Elf. "A Christmas tree for the Lame Squirrel."

"Oh, let me help," said the Frost Fairy. "I know where to find a whole pile of hickory nuts, and I'll put some frost crystals on every branch."

It was a beautiful Christmas tree. The moon came out on purpose to look at it. There is stood in the middle of the little Green Elf's parlor. From the top to the bottom it was shining with the fireflies for lights and the frost crystals. The bunch of wheat was



the Christmas trees going into town. Fine sight! You ought to be up here." The little Green Elf unclasped his hands. He began to whistle softly to himself. Then he took his pine needle broom and swept the snow out of his house. Next, he scampered off over



## THE DISCONTENTED DOLLS

"Faith, an' it's awful to be a boy's doll. How I wish I belonged to a girl!"

It was Terence who started the dolls talk with this remark the next night. Terence was a little Irish coachman, in a green suit, who had come riding around to the Baby in his cab the Christmas Eve before. His voice was very loud and complaining. The Baby had twisted one of his ankles that day, and left it turned around in the opposite direction from the other foot.

"Oh, I don't know, Terence," said Lady Geraldine, in her soft, silvery voice. "Boys do let you alone once in a while, and go off and play with something else. They don't keep at you every single minute, dressing and undressing you. I do get so tired of Maud changing my dress. How many times do you suppose I was dressed to-day? Sixteen times, on my word."

"Sixteen times? And in a different dress each time?" exclaimed Jenny. Jenny was an old doll, who had come two Christmases before. She was rather neglected now, and she grieved of it very much.

"Oh, certainly," said Lady Geraldine, politely.

"And how many trunks of clothes 'ave ye got, Lady Geraldine, dear?" inquired Terence, respectfully.

"Only ten," replied Lady Geraldine, languidly.

"Ten," said Jenny, sadly, "and I've only one dress left, and that's getting ragged. Ah, I can remember the time when I was queen of the nursery."

"Yes, indeed, Jenny," said Aunt Patience, sympathetically, "you were a beautiful doll when you first came."

"And now they have tea parties and never ask me to the table," said Jenny, bursting into tears. All the dolls looked uncomfortable. They were sorry for Jenny, but she did cry a great deal.

Suddenly a hand slipped into hers in the dark.

"Never mind, Jenny," said a whisper. "I like you, and if I get a chance I'll scalp some of these palefaces who are so bad to you." This was whispered very fiercely.

Jenny felt a delicious little thrill of

which he would not let any one else do. He called her Weeping Cloud, because she cried so much.

Terence and Jacky and Sir Lancelot were very suspicious of Eagle Eye, although they pretended they were not afraid of him at all. But Bertie, who was a funny little boy, lived in a Norfolk jacket, loved Eagle Eye very much. He would lie down at his feet for hours, listening to Eagle Eye's stories about the days when he lived in a tepee and went hunting bears and jack rabbits.—New York Tribune.

How Bobby Would Like to Be Built Now



Bobby would like to be built with legs this size just now. Fancy Santa Claus having to fill those long stockings up with presents!

## A Christmas Tale.

A pretty Christmas tale is told of Hermann Joseph, a little clockmaker of Germany. He was a very poor lad, who loved to go to church better than anything in the world. One Christmas eve he entered the Cathedral with a little gift for the Christ-Child. It was all he had—a rosy apple which some one had given him.

He went up to the image of Mary and the Child and held out the apple of the little one, placing it at last in the chubby hand. Instantly the little marble figure closed upon the apple, and the Child and held out the apple to the poor boy's gift.

## Glad Tidings of Great Joy.

By Prockhorst, 1825.



## A Wish.

EDITH ROBERTS.  
A hope is born this day,  
And o'er the drifted snow  
Speeds on its loving way  
To someone dear I know.  
That peace and gladness may  
Twine with the mistletoe.



Little Jack Horner  
Up by the corner  
Wanted an Automobile.  
Next day he got it,  
Old Santa Claus brought it.  
Said Jack:  
Oh how happy I feel!

## HOUSEHOLD MATTERS

### Hints to Housekeepers.

A nice way to prepare Frankforts or other sausages of commercial brand is to parboil them, split them in halves and then broil them. This is a New York idea.

It is well understood that water for drinking purposes should be boiled. The "flat" taste of boiled water can be removed, it is said, by beating rapidly with a Dover egg-beater just before using. This beats air into it, which is expelled in boiling.

Very few people are as careful as they ought to be about what they let run through waste pipes and the kitchen sinks. Plumbers grow rich on housekeepers' carelessness. Greasy water, coffee grounds, tea leaves, crumbs, etc., are allowed to run down the kitchen wastepipe, which eventually becomes stopped and entails endless annoyance and inconvenience to clear.

Water in which ham corned beef, etc., has been boiled, should not be turned into the sink. It cools in its passage and deposits a coat of grease on the trap and on the pipe. Let it cool and remove the fat before pouring into the sink. If you do not use the fat for soap-making, burn it; it is cheaper and less trouble in the long run than to run it through the sink. Burn tea leaves and coffee grounds; it is surprising how much one can dispose of by fire with a little trouble.

Never throw combings, bits of string, threads, burnt matches or any such refuse into the pail or closet basin. Hair is particularly dangerous. It catches in any little irregularity of the inside of the pipe and serves to arrest the progress of other waste until by accretion it clogs the whole space.

### A Boon to Housewives.

China in open stock sets is one of the conveniences of the present day. The increasing prevalence of the course dinner and the practice of using several varieties of china for its service is largely responsible for the change, says the Washington Star. A woman who some years ago purchased a handsome dinner set now feels that if she used it alone she would make a poor showing before her guests.

Different plates are used for every course. The service plates are of particularly fine china. The plates for the meat course are of a simpler and more substantial design than those for the dessert, and the after dinner coffee is served in cups as delicate as can be found. In the larger establishments dinner is served from the butler's pantry. Many of the dishes used in a simpler menage where the roast and its accompaniments are placed on the table are not required in the former case. The needs of the different housekeepers are as varied as the houses in which they live.

It is no more expensive to have several kinds of china than to have all the pieces alike. Open sets have made this possible. Within the last five years these have increased in size and number. Now there is practically no style of china that cannot be bought in open stock.

A set of china which the merchant keeps on hand, and from which his customer makes her selections, is much more complete than the one he would formerly have sold her entire. He is prepared to suit all tastes and meet all needs. He has tea pots in all sizes, chocolate pots equally varied and sugar bowls and creamers to match. A woman with a large, small or medium family finds exactly the set size she requires. If her family increases, she is able to increase her number of pieces, and to obtain the larger sizes.

It is also possible to replace any piece of china. The housekeeper is not, as in the old days, heart broken over the loss of a dish. It can easily be duplicated.

There are open sets not only in the fine china, but in the pottery. In this less expensive ware are delightful reproductions of old-time dark blue with quaint little low tea pots, sugar bowls and creamers. The pottery in lighter colors, in pinks and in greens combined, has something of the art nouveau designs. They are pleasing, even if they have not quite the charm of the reproductions.

### RECIPES.

**Creamed Beans.**—Soak a cup of dried lima beans over night, drain and cook in boiling salted water until soft, but still whole. Drain; add three-fourths of a cup of cream, season with butter, salt and pepper, re-heat and serve.

**Lamb Balls.**—Chop meat quite fine, season with salt and pepper, add one egg, form into balls; have saucepan with water at the boiling point—water must not be boiling—drop the balls into the water and cook at the boiling point only twenty minutes; serve with tomato sauce.

**Sandwiches.**—Chop some beef or mutton very fine; chop one green pepper, add it to the meat; season with salt and pepper, mix a little gravy with it; butter escallops or shells, fill them two-thirds full with the mixture; spread over mashed potato that has had a little cream added to it; brush over with melted butter and brown in the oven.

**Salad Dressing.**—Beat three eggs until very thick, add one cup of cream and beat well; rub two level table-spoonfuls of mustard in a little cold milk or some of the cold cream, add one-half cup of vinegar and one level teaspoon of salt; put one-fourth cup of butter in the double boiler, add the creamy mixture and cook until creamy. If it cooks too long, it will separate; stir constantly while cooking; this is a delicious dressing and will keep weeks.